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A BABE IN THE WOODS

BY GRACE V. BRADLEY, R.N.

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NOR many women leave their city homes for a cabin in the woods, to await the visitation of the stork. That is what my patient did and most delightful was the whole arrangement. It was a question with her what to do—the baby was expected in August, the hottest time of all, the husband needed his summer's outing, while the children had looked forward to the camp vacation. And the mother herself felt the call of the wild; she knew that at the woods-home she would have no stairs to climb, there would be no telephone and street noises, and, best of all, no heat.

The doctor was consulted, the same one who had been with her previously, and he it was who suggested that he and I go to the summer home. He would plan his annual fishing trip then. I was to go in good season, so that Mrs. W. need not worry toward the last. Accordingly I travelled north and east, through the state of Minnesota, until I reached the little town of M. There I was met by a settler from the woods, and after loading my baggage and a box of groceries on the wagon, we started on our drive of twelve long miles, but there's a pot of gold at the end of the rainbow, and it would be as nothing in comparison to what one sees at the terminus of that road. A beautiful silvery lake with 42 miles of wooded shore line, and patches of wild rice out from the shore.

I was soon to learn that the inhabitants of the lake were bass, pickerel, and pike, the great muscalunge, and the elegant little perch. Up the quickly sloping embankment were five of the most picturesque and inviting cabins, each with a great fire-place and large screened-in porch. The little colony of people, relatives and friends, had found this pleasant spot, and enjoyed its quiet each summer. So I went from the wagon into the large living-room, and up to the cheery fire-place, built into the room instead of on the outside, then to a hearty supper from an oil-clothed table.

The cabins are built of peeled logs, the tamarack and the popple, smooth and shining, and are chinked on the inside with sections of logs, outside with cement. Above the fire-places are birch branches, across which are hung rifles and shotguns, and perhaps an extra pair of oars. The woods are very dense, white-, Norway-, and Jack-pines, tamaracks, popples, oaks, and the beautiful birches, whose bark is so useful and artistic. It seemed to me a sin to use birch for firewood and to

burn the bark, but it does make a fine fire. The birch-bark even wet, kindles easily and so is selected by the Indian or hunter for his camp-fire.

Standing in the doorway of the cabin, we looked through the trees to the lake, which sent back its breezes, perfumed by the pines.

The cabin-next to the W.'s belonged to the A.'s and they had returned to the city, after kindly offering their cabin to the W.'s, so we used it for our hospital and it truly was ideal. It had a large room with two may-be-folded-against-the-wall beds, curtained or not curtained off, as we pleased, a large porch, and a lean-to kitchen.

The A.'s left everything—dishes, kitchen utensils, bedding—at our disposal. I had everything most conveniently arranged, one bed for delivery and one for the patient after labor. In how many private homes do we have such a convenience? The baby's toilet basket was of birch-bark, the bassinet, a larger birch-bark basket, which had been used by the Indians to gather wild rice in. A fire was laid in the fireplace, logs just waiting to snap and sparkle with fire. The doctor's bag was fully equipped for almost any emergency and I arranged things where they could easily be seen, those to be boiled in numerous pans, ready. I believe that the only thing lacking was running water, but we had a clean, new galvanized wash-tub full of water, and on the three-burner oil stove I boiled quantities. So we had absolutely every convenience together with such luxuries as the delicious pure air, fresh fish and game, jams and jellies made of the wild berries gathered earlier in the summer, and, outside, only the bird sounds, the chatter of the squirrel or the swaying of the pines.

I was there ten days before the baby came. One delightful day I spent in a rowboat, fishing for the muscalunge, which, because they are such fighters and so large, have to be shot before they can be landed. We took our lunch that day, landed and made coffee. At another place we landed and climbed the hill to get the view. Along the shore and on the side of the hill we saw the fresh tracks of a deer family, clearly those of buck, doe and fawn. Then one afternoon I had the unusual opportunity of cranberrying, tramping through the marshes along the lake and picking the berries nestling in the moss. And I enjoyed the woods, though one dared not go far for fear of being lost. The doctor had two days for fishing and hunting before the baby was born.

It was midnight when I called Mr. W. to go to the "hospital" and light the fire. All was cheery and warm when I took Mrs. W. over and made ready for the doctor to follow in a few minutes, and in the morning the baby came, a big boy. His mother had rather hoped for

a new daughter but, as she said, one could not expect a dainty little girl to make her appearance in the woods. "Timberjack Jim," his father called him, while "Birchbark Bill" and "Tamarack Pete" were suggested. The period of convalescence was pleasant. With windows and doors always open, fire in the grate, wild game and fish, pure milk and butter from the settlers on the opposite shore, my patient gained rapidly and was thankful many times to be away from the city. The second day that she sat up, I drew her chair out onto the porch. Little "Timberjack Jim" was truly a fresh air baby, sleeping in his birch-bark basket, breathing the pure sweet air of the woods.

I cannot refrain from mentioning the moonlight nights, when, if the baby called me, I was really glad to be awakened for the opportunity of seeing the moon's reflection in the water, or, in the early morning of seeing the first long shadows of the trees, though the sun itself was hidden by the forest. Sometimes the cry of the loon, that lonely cry, would be heard. The squirrels scolded as though we were intruders and we could hear them scampering over the roof. The little chipmunks were more cordial, even starting to come into the house.

The doctor spent almost two weeks at the camp, fishing and hunting, not thinking of office and telephone. The whole experience was so unusual and delightful that I felt at least a review of it should be shared with the JOURNAL readers.

CARE AND MANAGEMENT OF TYPHOID FEVER *

BY GRACE O. VANDEVER, R.N.

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TYPHOID fever is a disease in many ways out of the ordinary, and the nurse in assuming charge must recognize this point. Granting that the physician has looked well into the source of infection and has acquainted the family with the result of his findings and with the etiology and prophylaxis, it is well, and, more, his duty, to fully acquaint the nurse with the details as given the family, in order that she may more intelligently assist the family and more fully co-operate with him in the care and management of the case and the family, for while the first is usually sufficiently hard, the latter is often even more difficult.

With this as a foundation for the care of the case, we must proceed

* Read before the Boone County Medical Society, Lebanon, Indiana, Nov. 13, 1912, as part of a Symposium on the subject of typhoid fever.